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ULYSSES
AND OTHER POEMS

ABE CRADDOCK EDMUNDS

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ULYSSES
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

Abe Craddock Edmunds

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1923

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INTRODUCTION

Abe Craddock Edmunds, the author of the poems contained in this volume, is a native of Halifax County, Virginia, having been born in the town of Halifax, August 5th, 1899. His parents, John Richard Edmunds, and Willie Murrell Edmunds, were the descendants of two of the old Virginia families, whose traditions and ideals are the proud heritage of every loyal son of the Old Dominion.

Young Edmunds was reared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, and very early in life developed those literary tastes and tendencies which have found expression in the contents of this book.

After attending the Lynchburg High School he matriculated at Randolph Macon College, where for four years he has been pursuing his studies with diligence and success. In appreciation of his varied abilities and talents his fellow students have bestowed upon him many honors. He has been President of the Franklin Literary Society, editor of the College weekly, and in 1921 represented Randolph Macon College in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

While enamored of literary pursuits, Mr. Edmunds has not devoted his time wholly to the

privileges and pleasures of this realm. Being fond of outdoor sports, he played for three years on the college football team, and learned from experience that exercise and fresh air not only develop the body, but prepare the mind for larger and greater service.

When our country entered the great World War he enlisted, and was assigned to duty in the officers training camp at Camp Lee, Va., from which he received an honorable discharge when the armistice was declared.

It was during my residence in Lynchburg, Va., that I became acquainted with the subject of this sketch, and I soon discovered that he was a young man of unusual gifts and of great promise. It was my pleasure to converse with him with reference to his career, and to give him such counsel as I hoped might be of value to him in the realization of his dreams and visions and in the execution of his plans and purposes.

Possessed of a love of nature, he delighted to roam over the fields and forests, and with meditative mind and devotional spirit to revel in the scenes and objects that burst upon his vision. Through these different mediums the Supreme Architect of Universal Nature spoke to his soul, and awakened within him a desire to be God's messenger to a struggling and toiling world. The tints of flowers, the rich colours of the rainbow, the deep blue sky, the varying hues of shifting clouds, the radiant glories of the morning, the

splendours of the noontide, the gray shadows of the evening, and the wonders of star-lit night, all had their lessons for him, and conduced to enkindle his imagination, to awaken his ambition, to elevate his tastes, and to furnish him with a richer and wider vocabulary with which to express his ideas and aspirations.

Mr. Edmunds also owes a debt of gratitude to the poets and prose-writers of whose works he has been a close and faithful student. One of our contemporaries tells us how Coleridge influenced, and indeed helped to mold and shape the life and achievements of Hazlitt, the celebrated English critic and essayist. In his youthful days before Hazlitt had had his slumbering potentialities awakened, and before he had given any evidence of rare genius and remarkable gifts, Coleridge came to visit his father. When the poet arose to go young Hazlitt, having been charmed by his conversation and personality, determined to accompany him, and as they walked together over the fields, through the forests, and across the streamlets he realized that a great and mighty spirit was speaking to his mind and heart. It was this delightful fellowship with Coleridge, the brilliant essayist declares in his own inimitable way, which opened before him a new world, quickened his intellect, put a new radiance into the sunset for him, and a new note into the song of every bird. In a similar way our young friend has communed with the

master minds of the past and the present, and freely acknowledges his appreciation of the service which they have rendered him.

Under the environment and influences to which I have referred Mr. Edmunds has written a number of poems in which he has discussed many subjects, and expressed a variety of sentiments and feelings.

The poems contained in this volume not only glow with scintillations of the author's genius, but they impress one with the loftiness and seriousness of his purpose, and open before us engaging and delightful fields over which the thoughts may roam and linger. It is my sincere hope and belief that they will meet with a cordial and appreciative reception.

GEORGE E. BOOKER

PREFACE

At the suggestion of Mr. Russell B. DeVine, of The Reviewer, I am submitting these poems to him for publication.

This small volume represents work done during undergraduate days when the stringent demands of academic life have made it impossible to give to the work the painstaking care and revision so necessary to a finished poetic effort, and shows no doubt the influence of many poets whom I have assiduously studied.

In this book I have confined myself exclusively to the use of rhythmic structures and the older forms of verse, chiefly as a means of training myself in the fundamentals underlying all poetry. I have no creed to express concerning poetry, nor any desire to dogmatize in regard to its aims, methods, or composition. A poet should perform his work thoughtfully and conscientiously as he reverently and solemnly fulfills his destiny. This I have tried to do.

And I shall strive to make all books which I may publish a storehouse, as it were, in which I have endeavored to paint and preserve pictures of the truth and the beauty that exists, and has existed among us in high and low.

Within such a book should be heard the echoes of eternity; the true whispers from the false;

for as a herald and a seer it must glimpse the future, and prophesy new truths that shall surely be. And it should vibrate with music of the market and music of the spheres as it brings its blessed ministry of expression, speaking and easing the too full hearts of those who shall find their unspoken griefs and joys among its pages.

These things I shall strive to do, nor do I make at present any pretense of having realized my aims in this book which, as I have said, is more or less a matin song, a trail flight in hopes of gaining more stately wings.

I wish here to acknowledge my obligation to the following for their counsel and aid in making this volume possible: Russell B. DeVine, to whose interest its publication is due; Dr. George E. Booker, Dr. R. E. Blackwell, St. George Tucker Arnold, my Mother, my uncle, James E. Edmunds, my brother, Paul C. Edmunds, and lastly and largely, Murrell.

ABE CRADDOCK EDMUNDS.

Randolph Macon College,
March 1, 1923.

TO MY BROTHER

Murrell Edmunds

CONTENTS

Ulysses and the Siren 1
The Ship 5
Sonnet (On Raphael's "Madonna") 6
Pluck the Rose from Your Soft Brown Hair 7
Wagner 9
I Know a Land 10
Bright Eyes 11
Dedication (To a Library) 12
Lindley 19
Gene 20
All Hail 21
Mountains 23
Sara 25
To a Woman Weeping 26
The Master 27
Caged 31
To Hilah 32
Autumn Leaves 35
Ode (To Alan Seeger) 36
I Played on a Lute 39
The Eternal Magdalene 41
Gifts 43
The Call 45
The Hand of God (On Rodin's Statue) ... 47
Caroline 48
I Heard You Speak 50
Symphonies 51
The Pipes 52
Sonnets (A Series to_____) 55

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN

Clear it gleamed in distant splendor there,
That lonely isle on which the Siren sings
Maidens fairer than gleaming casts of gold,
Whose soft, compelling songs lure men's souls
To court destruction on the treacherous shoals,
To die in agony on the jutting crags.
Thus with the wax I sealed my stout crews' ears,
And bade them bind me to the stalwart mast,
That we might pass the danger looming there.
As on we floated to the misty mound,
Soft through the silence swam a clear, sweet voice,
Soothing the senses with a vague delight,
Easing the weary heart that for long days
And longer nights had suffered agony
In battle with the wild and seething sea.
So lulled by magic sweetness of the voice,
Like one entranced I heard half in a dream,
As near and nearer came my eager ship.

"For thou art weary, spent and sore,
Come to me, come to me,
Rest upon my golden shore,
Peace to thee, peace to thee.
Ah, raise no more the shattered oar,

Breast no more the seething gale,
Struggle on the sea no more,
No more unfurl the silvered sail.
Wild the night,
Long the flight
O'er the savage sea,
Thou art weary, vexed and sore,
Sail upon the sea no more,
On the dark and dangerous sea.
Come to me, ah come to me."

On a vast rock whose proudly lifted head
Laughed bold defiance to all wind and tide,
She sat in lonely beauty singing slow,
Amid the rays of softly dying sun.
Mild breezes, with a tender half caress,
Stirred gently through the loosened golden hair,
That fell in sweet abundance o'er a breast
Of carven marble, rounded clear and soft.
Imbued with wondrous power, love and charm,
She sat a Queen and crooned a low, clear song,
While further on the cliffs her maidens lay,
In silent adoration at her feet—
The lashing bonds held fast and thus was I
Helpless, while still the sad and surging song
Swept softly through the silent summer night.

"I am Queen of the sobbing sea,
I have waited long for thee,
We shall bask on coral strands,
Live and love in these mild lands,

Rest in peace through summers long,
I shall soothe thee with my song,
I have waited, sighed for thee,
Come to me, ah come to me."

Madly I fought and cried unto my men
To loose the binding thongs that held me fast,
Cursing the while the prudence that had wrought
Upon me that I had them bind me thus;
Yet still it pierced the hushed, expectant air,
Far fairer seemed the maiden than her song,
Vainly I strove to reach her singing there—

"I shall press thy aching heart
To my bosom's throbbing pain.
Through my burning, eager lips
Thou shalt gain thy youth again.
Thou shalt gain thy life and rest
On my tender, yearning breast.
We shall dwell upon the shore
In communion sweet and long,
Thou shalt sail the sea no more,
I shall soothe thee with my song.
Sweet the song
I sing to thee.
Strong the love
I bring to thee.
Softly sighs the loving sea,
Come to me, ah come to me."

Yet still my deaf crew pushed the willing oar,
As fainter grew the maiden to my sight,

Softer drifted the echo of her song,
Then darkness hid the ledges of the isle—
The swift night fell upon the silent sea,
Soft as the petal of a falling rose
Upon a bed of green and cooling moss.

THE SHIP.

They tell a tale upon the Breton coast
Of an old dreamer, who for hours sat
And gazed in silence to the distant sea;
And ever spoke, as aged people will,
Of better days, when from the sunny south
A golden star should guide a stately ship,
Majestically through the harbor bar.

They laugh this day, those simple peasant folk,
And touch their heads as they relate the end;
For as the wrinkled features paled in death,
From his dark eye there gleamed a fiercer light,
"It comes," he cried with eager parted lips,
"The star gleams clear that guides the stately ship
Silent and fair across the shining bay."

And thus he died; and on his humble grave
They wrote in letters crude and poorly formed,
"Here lies a dreamer." Soft the night winds sigh,
The ocean sings a slow, sweet requiem,
To lull him to a peaceful, quiet sleep,
This tired dreamer in his fair dreamland.

SONNET.

(On Raphael's, "The Madonna of the Chair")

Why creeps the pain into those mild, clear eyes?
What is the haunting, half-voiced fear? A dove
Shall from the riven heavens that smile above
Bring him God's blessing; while John Baptist cries,
"One greater than I has come opening eyes
Of him in darkness." And with wondrous love
Palm-strewn shall be his road. To Heaven above
Hosannas from the multitude shall rise.

Yet still thou strainest thy infant closer to thee.
Through fading years then Mary canst thou see
Gleam in the mists the pain-dimmed end? Dost thou
Hear faint echoes of a distant prayer?
Or "Eli, Eli" from dread Calvary?
That thou dost hold thy infant close to thee?

PLUCK THE ROSE FROM YOUR SOFT BROWN HAIR.

Pluck the rose from your soft brown hair;
Kiss it, and cast it to me.
Merrily whirl in the mad dance there;
Gaily flit through the dimlit air;
Whirl mid streams of dazzling light,
Mad myth of a moonlit night,
Gaily, gladly flitting fair,
Queen of beauty wild and rare,
Pluck the rose from your soft brown hair;
Kiss it, and cast it to me.

Did I see as your deep, clear eye
Met me with a fleeting glance
A vision of hours with spring flown by,
And the dim, dull days of winter nigh?
Lips with the kiss of a morning rose
Time will dull and death will close.
Love, dance on in the dim light's flare,
Merrily mad to the music there,
Pluck the rose from your soft brown hair;
Kiss it, and cast it to me.

The years may fly, but I'll not care
When death's dim eve is beck'ning to me.
I'll open the door of my garden fair;
A soft brown lock of your glorious hair,
And the priceless gift of a faded rose,
And as the shades of dim day close

Will see you gleam in the mad dance there,
Gently caressed by the ambient air,
As you plucked the rose from your soft brown
hair;
Kissed it, and cast it to me.

WAGNER.

I gaze to thee, great one, who dwells apart,
No lover of this little scheme of things,
With a sublimer touch thy weird note rings,—
Thou mighty master of the greater art.
Singing no tender lay to ease the heart,
No surcease thy majestic music brings,
No simple song to which the racked soul clings,
Thou playest a lonely and a loftier part.

In thy reverberating art one hears,
The wild, majestic thunder of the spheres,
The flaming passion of a demon's love,
The silent splendor of an angel's tears,
The half-formed agony of gods above—
Then exaltation as the darkness clears.

I KNOW A LAND.

I know a land where the breezes blow;
The lazy rivers ebb and flow
Soft in a dreamy motion.
Sweet the scented south winds blow;
The red rose blooms with a deeper glow;
Its petals fall to the earth below,
Soft as the half-hushed sleep of youth,
Or the silent sound of snow.

I know a land that is listlessly fair;
Undreamed dreams lie languid there;
The perfumed breath of the whispering air
Is sweet with unsung songs.
The flight of time is a drowsy dream;
The lulling song of a hidden stream
Whispers low the soft, still theme
Of a dim, half-spoken lay.

Some day I'll leave it all behind,
And softly sail on the whispering wind
To that isle in an unknown sea,
Laugh with the breakers, smile with the foam,
As the wind-kissed sails fly fluttering home,
Far from the humming haunts of woe
Where soft the sighing breezes blow,
And lazy rivers ebb and flow.

BRIGHT EYES.

Bright Eyes dance for me.
Little pattering feet,
With rhythmic beat,
Dance for me.
Like a golden sunbeam
Flitting through the gloom,
Fleeting as a daydream
In the drowsy noon,
As the waves that murmur
Soft and low,
In a graceful rolling
Ever go,
Glistening in the moonlight,
Gliding slow,
Dear little Bright Eyes
Be it ever so.

. . . . . .

Ah Love, no more!
On the listening shore
I sit alone.
Stars wondering wait for thee,
Moaning moves the mighty sea,
Sobbing night winds call to me,
"Bright Eyes."

DEDICATION.

(To A Library—Randolph-Macon College.)

And wondering long in silent awe I gazed
On dimlit walls and richly carven cornice,
Then weary of the day I slow reclined
To fall into a dreamy sort of daze,
While through my drowsy mind there flitted shapes
Of creatures weird and wildly beautiful.
Whirling in a mad, fantastic dance
They seemed to blend their all of charm and grace
And stateliness of beauty in one form
Who with a solemn and majestic tread
Moved slowly to the dimly carven door.
Upon her noble brow a myrtle wreath
Half hidden by the flowing silken locks
Lent awe unto the weird and solemn beauty.
As with a gesture of all majesty
She flung the inwrought portal slowly back
A stream of music lent its throbbing grace,
And from the far recesses of the room
There gleamed a beam of clearest crystal light.
"Ah come," she cried in tones of yearning cadence.
"Ah come, my blessed ones, unto thy home"
With eloquence of hidden grace her hand
Moved in a queenly gesture. I beheld
A lengthy train who silent stood without.
Sages with the wrinkled brow of thought,

Mild-eyed men who gazed unto the skies,
Youths with all the fresh and quickening flush
Of undimmed dreams upon their eager faces
Silent stood; in stately patience waited
To fill the niche within that hall of fame
The whispering ages had prepared for them.

And from the noble gathering slowly came
A solemn brooder with a furrowed brow
Who sang a song of dim remembered days,
Of ancient battles in the early dawns,
Wielded the wild hexameter until
It grew a throbbing organ to whose chords
Mighty deeds fit in the moving music,
Distant echoes of the sounding sense,
As row on row they tell their silent story.

And ever on they came, the great and greater,
To claim their niche among God's favored few.
I saw him come with that same simple wisdom,
He the master teacher of great Greece,
Who gave unto their parched and burning lips
The crystal waters of eternal light
'Till Outraged Reason rose and madly cast
Him swiftly from its midst for breathing truth.
Yet still from noble lips came ever forth
Soul-satisfying draughts of heavenly nectar
'Till o'er his tired soul at eve came peace,
As calmly he from flowing goblet quaffed
The soothing liquid of that last, sweet drink.

And forth the glorious Florentine then came
From weary wandering mid the barren lands
Where, lonely exile from a fatherland,
He poured his passionate heart forth in a wail
For better things and weary of this world
He reared his heavens and his flaming hells,
And sang the sorrowing song of lonely man
Mid unknown peoples and with breaking heart.
I saw a tender smile o'erspread the face
Of her who waited near the graven door,
And through the silent air there slowly rang
The silvered sweetness of her clarion voice:
"Ah welcome thou who, in the bitter hell
Of exile and the harsher flaming hell
Of rank ingratitude from those we serve,
Hast sung a song for all the listening years.
Roam no more in lonely contemplation
For thou hast reached a home prepared for thee,
And shall forever sit a crowned god
In this high hall of noble men and good."

Laughing softly in his friendly way
Sweet Shakespeare slowly came to take his place.
He whose wit and heavenly grace of choice
And rugged wisdom caused a world to cry
In wondering awe: "This song so ringing clear
With all its wisdom and its wondrous touch
Could not have issued forth save from the lips
Of them whose birth and name could sing such
songs."
The goddess smiled a slow, sweet smile,

And welcomed him whom kindly heavens touched,
That to a gaping and a doubting world
Might be revealed divinity of genius.

Faust's grim master in grave majesty,
Who claimed the earthly prey of fiery fiend,
And to the power of Marlowe's mighty work
A nobler depth of soul and beauty lent,
Came forth to grace the galaxy within.

With that same noble dignity of mien
That set him as a man apart from men
Mighty Milton with his moving music,
Surpassing in splendor the organ's sounding note,
Came to his pedestal within the wall.
He who in his earthly blindness glimpsed
Clearer flashes of a brighter light;
Whose noble life will ever stand aloft,
A monument to the unbending will
And granite strength of earthly weakened men.

He who perished in the Grecian lands,
Whose death lent dignity to misspent life,
Touched with changing power of noble deeds
Came forth; and by his side with lightsome step
Trod Keats the youthful and the clear voiced singer,
Breathing softly with the sighing wind
Ageless, timeless, and eternal songs.

Next he who mid a dark, encircling cloud
Of grief, and grim forbodings sang his song
Of doubt and pain amid a doubting age,
And voiced the hopes and fears of changing
times;
Who in memoriam breathed a cry of hope,
Which clearer flashed amid oppressing clouds
Of murky gloom and deeply shaken faith
Free from cloudy vision, now came forth.

Poe, the lonely, melancholy man,
Who nevermore shall clasp his vanished love,
Who ever moaned that earthly beauty fades;
And from a morbid and a brilliant brain
Brought forth in dim array his ghostly shades
Claimed his gleaming niche within the wall.

A flaming brilliance lit the inner room;
In marble niches far fairer than the flame
They stood in moving majesty apart
And filled the deep recesses of the hall
Save one high spot from whence a brighter gleam
Cast its soft, refulgent beams afar.
Vacant it stood in speechless majesty.
Again the deep, sweet voice murmured clear:
"Behold a place the mighty gods have kept
For some young dreamer with a wistful eye
Who walks among you with a lowly mien,
Sharing your simple joys and your cares.
Smiling when in happy bliss you smile,
Weeping alone when in the crowded mart

You jostle in a cursing carelessness,
And swear and sin and hurt thy fellowman.
Behold him, who on some not far tomorrow
Shall pierce the ebon walls of unsung time,
Glimpse new truths, and in a clarion voice
Proclaim the future to your doubting ears.
Journey far within the misty past
To clothe in living vestments what remains
Of good and pure within its murmuring borders,
To bring again its light and buried truths,
As he who in the prophet's moving word
Whispered low before a gaping tomb:
'Lazarus come forth!' and forth to life he came.

"Behold him who shall tread the paths you trod,
Walk your ways, and yet in thoughtful silence
Seek his soul on lonely, untrod roads,
Retire apart that the all-seeing moon
May send its fairy beam into his heart,
The wild tree teach him all its sacred lore,
And all the magic power of its voice.
For he shall fear, shall doubt, and then deny,
Yet ever cling to shaken faith until
He moulds a stronger chain in that fierce fire;
From flame-taught creed shall rock a wondering
world
With glory of his new found heavenly truths."

As when the distant murmur of some mountain
brook
Fades mid silence of a woodland scene

'Till murmur of the softly flowing stream
So blends with silence and the whispering trees
We know not whence the soft and liquid sound;
The solemn sweetness of the maiden's voice
Blended in the whispering of the breeze
And deep I sank into a peaceful sleep.

LINDLEY.

I heard last night when the sickly lights
Were feebly flaring their dying colors
The half-checked wail of a tortured soul.
Lindley, they dub him a reckless fool,
Those smug sleek beings with whom he deals,
Dub him reckless and yet admire
Extravagantly, for he is rich
Beyond compare in this world's goods.
Yet by the dim light reeling there
In drunken torpor he bared his soul.
"Edmunds," he groaned, "I tell you straight,
I wanted to be a landscape painter.
My sneering family laughed at this,
And made me sell this damned insurance.
Yes, by God, I wanted to be
An artist, Ah a landscape painter!"

Paint me hell, ye pious ones,
Flaming with a torturous fire;
Paint me hell and hellish tortures.
I will laugh in tolerant pity,
Having seen this dreary region—
A drunken man, a broken wail:
"By God, I wanted to be an artist!"

GENE.

In the secret soul of my soul of souls,
In the bounding love of my heart of hearts,
Through the fading mists of the years that fly,
I have set thy image apart.
Thou art the deepest love of my loves,
The first to kindle the sacred flame.
Dream of dreams, and light of life,
My soul has breathed thy name,
In depths that answer to the call,
Deep graven on the inner scroll.
Other loves have touched my heart,
But thou alone my soul.
Slowly the years will dim and die,
Time will dull the throbbing heart,
Deep in the depths of my soul of souls
Thy love will live apart.

ALL HAIL.
(An Easter Poem.)

Dead he lies upon the towering cross,
In dying anguish fixed his eyes on me;
I who knelt beside in fervent prayer
To Holy Heaven to spare his blessed life.
Nature weeps; the Heavens flash in horror,
Muttering low the spheres in troubled agony
Moan his fate; while winds all wail in fear.
"Dear God, to whom in abject woe I kneel,
Heed the outpouring of a broken heart."
Dead he lies upon the towering cross.

Uninvited I came to Simon, the Pharisee's feast,
And fell in reverence at my dear Lord's feet;
Washed them with my streaming tears; then wiped
Them with the golden hair he once had blessed.
And eager to express my soul's full love,
We mortals must express a mortal way,
I broke the costly sealed alabaster box,
And poured the precious ointment on his feet.
In wondering silence gazed the silent crowd,
Then one man spake, Judas, the betrayer,
"And why was not this precious ointment sold,
The substance given to the poor who need?"
And those mild lips, on which a moment passed
The shadow of the cross, then gently spake,
Softly in half-hushed accents patient and weary:
"The poor ye always have with you, but me

Ye have not always." Then rested full on me
Those sad, clear eyes now mistily sweet and tender,
And whispered, "Thy sins are all forgiven,
Depart in peace thy faith has made thee whole."
And I still weeping slowly crept away
Into the weeping night. The moving grass
And all the little whispers of the dark
Echoed that voice of peaceful power and love.
"The poor ye always have with you, but me
Ye have not always."

Softly shine the golden beams of sun,
Sweetly heralds the day the bird of dawn;
And I, from brooding gloom and fear set free,
Have caught full meaning of his hidden words.
Vacant I found the tomb, the massive stone
Rolled away by unseen hands. A voice
Questioned, "And seek you then Jesus of Nazareth?
He has risen." Doubtful I went my way;
Then I beheld him shining as the sun,
A voice of peaceful power spake, "All Hail!"
Swift faded the image of the towering cross,
The lilies whispered in laughing joy, "Hail!"

MOUNTAINS.

I have seen mountains when day was breaking,
And the sun-kissed peaks gleamed in glory.
Godlike they seemed towering to Heaven,
And in those early mornings of youth
My child-soul whispered, "They are near to God."
Mighty and moving structures of might!
Still my conception of Him, you stand,
Firmly amid the storms of life,
Infinite, powerful, all enduring.

I have seen mountains when night was falling
And they loomed alone in solemn grandeur.
Loomed alone as the gathering darkness
Blurred, then blotted their majestic splendor.
Fearlessly gazing at the gathering mists,
I laughed away the wanton fears,
Knowing that firm behind the gloom,
They still were standing, in lonely splendor,
To greet the morn in flashing joy.

"Thou too, O Spirit, through deepening gloom,
Of shaken faith that darkly doubts,
A tortured soul has cried to Thee;
Knowing Thee there, firm and still,
Though misty, darkened and unseen."

Mountains caressed by placid breezes,
Where in the dim, forgotten days,
Mild-eyed Moses heard great laws,

Whispered low by murmuring trees
My soul has hearkened to thy clear voice,
And I have felt a holy peace,
Born of God and looming mountains.

SARA.

For one there is who like a wild wind's breath,
Mad as music and clothed in scanty dress,
A picture of passion and studied sensuousness,
A flying dervish dancing on to death.
And there's another; defiant lips shut tight,
Who stands alone, a flame of warning fire,
Who often speaks of Nineveh and Tyre,
And rails in vain against the madding sight.

But Sara you are different. It seems
You come a being from a land of dreams,
To melt into the music. Not too bright,
As that mad one. You gleam a clearer light
Than she who rails. Your purifying glance
Dispels the sordid and uplifts the dance.

TO A WOMAN WEEPING.

Tired eyes, tender blue,
Sobbing head laid low,
Gleaming gold, tale untold,
And I pity so!

THE MASTER.

Behold my Sunrise! I can clearly see
The light of wonder leap into your eyes.
You also are an artist and can judge
The perfect symmetry of faultless lines.
You too, Carlos, will praise my work no doubt,
Rafael, Angelo and all the rest,
Lauded its perfection, perfect form,
In words that years ago made my life
All sunshine; youth an eager, hopeful dream.
Softly Andre Del Sarto, the faultless painter,
Breathed half-audibly, as he gazed in awe,
"Magnificent: The lines, the faultless lines."
While Bozantio, a youth who struggles
In dreary garret as years ago I struggled,
Marveled, envied, sighed—and went away.
Reuben then his rival loudly praises,
While to his inmost soul he murmurs thus:
"His art surpasses mine, his perfect skill
Overshadows my baser fabric of dreams;
Shall he, perchance, not dim my rising sun,
And work my doom with wonder of his sunrise?"
Thus they praise; flatter; then depart.

Do I weary you? No? Then bear with me,
Carlos
In patience a moment. Think you that ringing
praise
Of masters such as these can compensate,
Repay, in full for years of arduous labor?

Master no doubt I am but slave will be
Forever. Slave to my glowing Sunrise, my Spring.
My Nightfall and all the creations I have painted;
Slave I am and thus will die; a slave,
Bound fast by bonds of pride, worldly gain,
Longings for wealth and love of a master's title.
Long since I sacrificed soul for my technique,
My ideal, with all it's star-kissed heavenly radiance,
For praise of men, the idle worthless title,
Of greatest painter. Master of them all.

For with labor I doubt not but that even I
Could some day have painted well not merely these
Empty canvases of artistic perfection,
That leer at me in mocking scorn, as some
Long since deserted house of master construction,
At which in wonder first we gaze, then marvel
So perfect there, finished and wonderful
Standing alone amid the dying day.
Yet as in awe we gaze there creeps upon us
A feeling of loneliness for so vacant it seems,
Devoid of being, lifeless, cheerless and empty.
So seems to me my dreary, dull existence
And all my art. Magnificent no doubt,
Perfect they say; and yet so blankly vacant.
My heart; my inmost soul is lacking, and hence
My hand alone is seen. Ah, that is it,

My hand alone is Master! No heart, soul
And good for naught but models of perfect
structure.

There's a poor painter that dwells within our city,
And lives alone in a dark and dreary hovel;
Yet sings as he paints; and thus his hopeful song
Straight seeks a pathway leading to his canvas
And all unconsciously he paints it there..
His form is poor, his style infirm and weak,
And never will he know the curse of fame,
Yet still in joyous bliss will gladly paint
His hopes, dreams and fears upon the canvas.

I have often, as a great incentive,
Eagerly watched him as he worked his art.
I, to whom his gleaming eye still gazes
As to an unattainable distant mountain
Whose beckoning crest some day he longs to
reach,
Have, like a lonely outcast from the world
Gleaned my happiness from his happy heart,
And envied him there joyously singing and
painting.
At last watching once I saw him complete
A smiling madonna and swiftly walk away,
Turned myself to leave, but paused a moment
As through the open door slowly crept in
A creature steeped in dirty rags and filth,
Low as the earth, rejected, scorned and spurned;
Saw him in lowly reverence, humbly kneel

Slowly by that crude, newly finished madonna;
Saw him, in silence, lay his careworn cheek,
Wet with tears, against the smiling canvas,
Lightly in a mute, unconscious tribute.
Hope gleamed in his eye as again he softly sought
The door and passed with joy into the day.

Praise! I grow weary of effusive heart's praise,
Knowing, as I do, my heart's great secret.
An artist's artist I. My work some day
I pray will lose it's perfect form and gain
A soul. And then, God willing, may he come
That poor forsaken wretch, bruised and weary;
Touch his tear-stained cheek to my creation,
Arise uplifted and pursue his way.

CAGED.

The quiet monotony of padded feet
Weaving an endless, tireless tapestry
Day after day with slow and rhythmic beat
Of timeless, abject moving misery.
With tawny mane and somber eyes agleam
Again the hopeless march of endless years,
Haunted by echoes of a jungle dream,
Or taunting whisper of a cry he hears.

And I have seen deep in the haunted eyes
The utter hopelessness of him who cries
In bitter exile of his heaven and hell;
Have heard with all its woe in cushioned fall,
Throbbing low, the agonizing call
Of him who perished in Helena's cell.

TO HILAH.

I sit and sigh to kiss your calling lips,
To hold you close in the fierce joy of possession,
To hear your broken words of love and feel
The glowing warmth of your fresh and youthful body
Close to mine in an ecstasy of bliss;
To know in joy, Cold Beauty, that again
A spirit unconquerable has bowed to mine,
And I have broken at last your youthful will.

Yet feeling thus the rapture of your kiss,
The soft, warm glow the sweet and gentle submission,
I soon would tire of the cloying sweet,
And seek again, the one who gleams fairer,
Further, the unattainable; and all
The appealing freshness of your distant charm,
The joy of spirit strong, unconquerable
Would vanish and I, having gained your love,
Conquered your will would cast you swift away.

II.

We wandered where the new moon's golden light
Kissed the beach in soft caress;
And weary of the dance beneath cool stars
We sat in silence, while the low, dull drone
Of washing ocean sang an ageless song,
And lent a nameless something to the night.

I sighed and turning to your beauty there
I sang a low, soft song, half in jest
And half in wonder, for you shone so fair,
In glorious keeping with soft summer nights,
And half heard sobbings of a restless sea.

"Yon moon that sheds soft glowing light
Will slowly dim and die this night,
And love will fade and bright star's light;
Ah, kiss me."

"Yon leaf that trembles wild and free,
Bouyant on the moon-kissed tree,
Gladly gives its soft lips, see;
And kiss me."

"Yon wave that wanders wild and free
Will kiss the sands in ecstasy,
And swiftly turn to the sobbing sea;
Ah, kiss me."

"Roses fade when summer's gone;
Life dims at eve and dies at morn;
Ah Love, Ah Life, so newly born,
Kiss me."

III.

I asked you for your youthful charm;
You granted me my heart's desire,
And loved me with the free, wild love
That only youth can know; and gave

In vivid joy your heart to me
With no grim spectre breathing low
Of weary days when love was gone.
I asked you on that sighing night
For all the sweet romance of love;
You gave me all my heart desired,
As only carefree youth can give.

IV.

Weep not then that no loves stay;
Ah, it trembles poising there;
Ah, it trembles will away;
Breathe not thus a silent prayer;
Useless then to sob and pray;
Ah, it trembles will away.

Thou art wondrous soft and fair.
Love should long to lie and rest,
Toying with thy golden hair,
Joyous on thy rounded breast.
In the glowing flush of youth
Thou didst lose the greater truth.

When the bee in wild desire
Sips the sweet from fairest flower;
Satiated then doth tire;
Seeks a newer, fresher bower.
Useless then to sob and pray,
Ah, it trembles, will away.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Bright clad in radiant cloaks of gaudy hue
They laugh defiance to the biting wind,
Nor weep for dim remembered Spring behind
These early pilots of an endless crew;
Flinging a challenge to chill death in view,
Bright in gay festive robes, their heads inclined,
Seeking wide ports upon frost-laden wind—
Adventurers to lands both strange and new.

Thus when my aged limbs shall feel the breath
Of that grim stranger whom the world calls Death,
Not one who fears or wails in abject woe,
But as the leaves of Autumn may I go,
Clad in bright robes of joyous revelry,
Glad may I journey to eternity.

ODE

(To Alan Seeger)

Youth, thy clear and untried flight
Shows promise of more stately wings,
As when in spring the young bird note
Swelling feebly from an untrained throat
Breathes a flute-like piercing cry
Of better, higher things.
Clear and sweet thy low song pealed
With mingled sorrow and delight,
And freer, fuller the wild chant grown
With stately wings to higher heavens flown,
Revealing golden truths beneath
Oppressing walls of night.

Youth the gods alone might say
What songs thy pulsing soul would give,
Or what dim, half forgotten days,
What distant dreams or misty slumbering lays
Thy throbbing heart and brain had touched,
Bidding them to live.
I would not moan thy early end;
Dear, rash heart it pleased thee.
Time whispered low: "Enough of this,
Enough of dreams, of fears, of hopes and bliss"
A people called; a clear reply,
A fiery soul then free.

Thou art at peace in a golden land
Singing a clearer, sweeter song.

I would not vex this peace to moan
With bootless cry or futile sobbing groan,
So fair a flight to fame and God
From this our little day.
No nobler field to leave behind
In fiery flame this earthly clay.
Thou art blessed; I dimly see
A noble galaxy regarding thee
With envious and with burning eyes,
Dead mid a glorious fray.

In dismal Grecian swamps where fall
The river damp and burning hell
Of fever-laden, tropic air
A fiery soul in dark despair,
With envious eyes regards thee there
Dead mid the glory and the flame.
And he who sang a clearer song,
Who feared that some day he should die
E'er yet the pen had gleaned the brain
Of all its rare and golden store
From weary bed in crushing pain,
Envies thee with wistful eye.
Young Brooke who trod the path with thee,
And sought his honor of the sea
Whose song as thine showed strengthening flight;
Whose soul as thine had pierced the night;
Gazes on thy still, cold face,
And smiles a smile of wondrous grace,
Touched with a tender flush of pain
At his dread end in fevered cot;

Yet smiles for this thy honored lot,
To face the waiting rendezvous
As well he, thy companion, knew
A fiery soul would ask to die.

And thou art blessed, and he who moans
Is false or else too blind to see
The flashes of eternity
Which from thy low grave swiftly rise.
We honor thee, most noble youth,
We praise thy life, the heavenly truth
That flashed from thy clear pen.
We praise thee with a ringing praise;
Shall chant thy name when dimlit days
And months and years have died.
Yet most we envy thee thy death,
And with a hushed and bated breath
Shall tell the tale of this thy end.
For souls so fierce, so free could claim
No nobler exit than the flame
And fiery heat of battle smoke,
To cast aside the futile strife
And tumult of this chained life.
No fairer road to glimpse the truth;
Ah, thou art blessed, most noble youth!

I PLAYED ON A LUTE.

I played on a lute,
While the heavens were mute,
And little stars laughed at me.
Then the heavens rang,
To my lute's low twang,
In the midst of eternity.

I wandered one night
In star's misty light,
And sang with the murmuring sea.
The golden moon smiled,
The spheres singing ceased,
And the far void whispered of me.

"That silvery lute.
On an instant grown mute
Soft memories revive in me.
A glorious land,
Golden moon-gilded strand,
And a misty murmuring sea."

Moonmist gilded white
Starry eyes, starlit night,
Voice soft as a mist of the sea,
Face moonlit and bright with ethereal light.
When will she share Heaven with me?

Then a clear, low sound,
Mighty whisper of Him,

Creator of stars and the sea.
Strange comfort it spoke,
The soft silence broke,
In a language unknown to me.

Then my lute low rang,
With an exquisite pang,
That stilled the song of the sea.
The echoes now sang,
Triumphantly rang,
"Eternity hearkens to thee."

THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE.
(From the Picture)

Weeping violet fading fast,
Violets all must fade at last,
For each tear thy heart has bled
Cease sobbing raise thy golden head.

Gold will burnish slow to dross,
And they that sow must pay the cost.
Weeping violet, golden head,
For each tear thy soul has bled

Life is a game in which the men
Thoughtlessly sow; depart—and then
The woman fades away. The men
Carelessly laugh and play again.

Then violet weep, Ages ago
A fallen sister wept and lo!
The Son of God was passing by,
Saw her there and pitied so.

Violet weep, the tears that start,
Mute symbols of a broken heart,
Softly from the glittering sod
Will whisper for thee to thy God.

There is a God spite all they say,
The fools whose knowledge will decay,
Themselves grow old and pass away,
Brief snowflakes of a winter's day.

But a breath in the lungs of centuries they
Who rave, dispute and pass away,
And Thy great power still holds its sway,
Potter, who makes and breaks His clay.

Of one clay then we all were made,
By a Masterful Mind that said,
"Breathe." We breathed, we lived,
And lo! He whispers, "go." and we must go.

All were made by that Master Hand;
Woman frail creature mate of man,
As creeper cleaves unto the sod,
"Protect her, love her," spake our God.

No man may break that law and say,
"Woman I sow and thou must pay."
On that dim day when all is told,
Each must answer the flaming roll.

Each must answer that gleaming scroll,
Then dear weeping head of gold,
The man must pay the double cost,
The faith he broke; the faith he lost.

Idle comforting, this of mine,
Thy weary heart will always pine
For that you were. Poor golden head
For each tear thy soul has bled.

GIFTS.

Flushed with mad youth and wealth he came to her—
"And I have brought thee jewels bright,
That flash as rays of dying noons,
And thou shalt deck thy dusky hair
With flames from slowly fading moons."
And confidently then he spake,
"Ah Queen may I forever stay?"
From her dark eyes there flashed disdain,
Thus silently she turned away.

The winters passed—and he returned a King—
"For I have won a world for thee,
Have conquered hazy foreign strands,
A palace by a sighing sea,
And thou shalt grace those drowsy lands."
And eagerly he questioned now,
"Ah Queen may I forever stay?"
Unbidded from her lips a sigh,
Thus silently she turned away.

The winters passed—a mild browed poet came—
"And I have sung of thy dear face,
The world shall see thy gleaming eye,
In flashing flame of meteor's glow,
The lingering light when sunsets die."
And pleadingly he begged her now,
"Ah Queen may I forever stay?"
A tear gleamed in the soft brown eye,
Thus silently she turned away.

There came a spring—a broken man returned—
"Gone now the soldier's ringing fame,
And fortune's lingering kiss for me,
Forgotten are the songs I sung,
And only love I bring to thee."
Without a word then turned away,
All life gone from the downcast eye;
Softly she pressed the hopeless head
To throbbing breast with low voiced cry.

THE CALL.

Mother Mary, weak I sigh
A prayer to thee before I die.
Heed me Mother, hear the cry,
Whispered faint and low.
Walking through the sunny glade,
There I saw a smiling maid,
On a wondrous lyre she played,
Music softly slow.

Moonmist gleamed in her golden hair,
Night-kissed flowers fragrantly fair,
Her still voice sobbed through the trembling air,
"Wilt thou follow me."
Mother Mary, still I hear
The music sobbing sadly clear,
Dispelling murky mists of fear,
Crying, "Follow me."

Swiftly I clasped my eager blade,
Softly the music seemed to fade,
Clear a clarion note still bade
Me to follow on.
Mother, I have given all,
Love and youth to that clear call,
Bent and broken now I fall,
With it far away.

Hearken, Mother, hear! O hear!
Liquid sweet the sound floats near,

Through the mist her face gleams clear,
Calling through the night.
Blessed Mother glad I die;
Far within the crystal sky,
Floats a beam before my eye,
Ah, at last. Light!

THE HAND OF GOD.

(On The Statue By Rodin)

It is a gentle and a kindly hand,
The tapering fingers show the artist's clasp;
Silent, powerful is the steady grasp,
Forming a godlike image with the sand—
Consummate link in all embracing plan.
Mute and moving immortality,
Steady, silent, swift and powerfully
Wielding the will and destiny of man.

I need not see Thee gleaming high above.
Enough that through the mists I understand.
Enough that I behold Thy wondrous hand
In its firm grasp, a gentle, kindly love.
I need not see the Face beneath it all,
Nor hear the clarion silver of Thy call.

CAROLINE.

Ah Caroline, if I might seize a glowing brand
To paint in reverence, that the later years
Might glimpse thy beauty, with a master's hand
Might sketch the fleeting moments, hopes and fears,
Which in that glorious youth of life's mad spring
Warmed the eager soul, the pulsing heart;
Or by the power of my wild fire bring
Thy lost love back to me with heavenly art,
Untouched the vast and sounding past would be
Save for one fleeting moment spent with thee.

I would sketch the winding cedar lane,
Its ghostly shades—dim shades—thy timid grasp,
Dear Hand, reviving all the old, sweet pain,
The soft, warm flush that quivered at thy clasp.
I would sketch the shadow and the shade,
An echo of the music sobbing low,
The trembling melody the dark trees made,
The haunting song my soul shall ever know.
Would paint in pain the end—too soon—too soon—
Thy fresh wild beauty clear beneath the moon.

And I would breathe a silent prayer to Him
Who guides the flaming course of master's brush
That I might paint thee pausing there; nor dim
Thy beauty, fairer than the soft, slow flush
Painting at dawn the slumbering eastern sky.

Pausing, a fairy image of the shade—
Immortal melody of cedar's sigh,
An echo of the music dark trees made.
Pausing whether to emerge in light,
Or sink with me in cooling shades of night.

Ah Caroline, I might in anguish say
Since then I've wandered mid a deep'ning gloom
With no one dear to clasp my hand, no ray
Piercing the dark, no love nearby, no moon
To bless the end. But I'll not sketch dark
dreams;
Only paint thee in the moonlight there,
Glowing fairer than the fairest beam,
Half sprite, half mortal, gleaming cool and fair.
Would paint thee pausing there so wildly free
That all may envy that brief glimpse of thee.

I HEARD YOU SPEAK.

I heard you speak; an echo came to me,
Some far, faint memory of the long lost lands,
Dead rivers sighing to forgotten sands,
A lost wind calling to an unknown sea.
Dumb rivers flowing in icy agony,
Upon their shores a godlike creature stands,
Clasping a silvered shell in fragile hands—
Ages ago through dim eternity.

My spirit gropes—dazed—inarticulate.
Ages ago I waited—still must wait,
Before the dawns were young you called to me;
But when the fading years have dimmed and died,
You will behold me standing at your side,
And I shall breathe an answer, clear and free.

SYMPHONIES.

I have hearkened in raptured awe,
As madly from an organ's throat,
Thrilling my soul with vague delight,
There pealed a wild and thunderous note.
Then this has ceased and I have felt
The dark isle surging in a psalm
Of benediction. Meek I kneeled
In prayer amid the holy calm.

And I have roamed mid storm-tossed wood,
Roaring music of wind-swept tree;
Madly shouting a Viking paean,
In a glorious symphony wild and free.
Then this has ceased—A holy calm
Has whispered of eternity;
And as I knelt too awed to speak,
The silence breathed a prayer for me.

THE PIPES.

"Thou canst hear us sobbing low,
Calling for thee, wilt thou go?
Calling, calling wild and free.
The steed is saddled and the clan
Is waiting patiently for thee."

As one half in a dream he hears; and from
The perfumed luxury of silken couch
Unconsciously moves, as in a daze, to reach
The scimitar and all the gleaming arms
That lie in mute appeal upon the earth.
Pauses a fatal moment, and with pain
Gazes into those somber eyes of brown,
Whose soft appeal of a more subtle sort,
Matches well the low, appealing pipes.
As undecided thus he stands, there creeps
Softly again the sobbing pipes' low cry.

"Proud in head of his stalwart band
Kamul Kasind led the way
Through the depths of a dangerous land
Many a weary night and day.
Kamul calls unto his son
Mute appeal in his dark eye.
Kamul's spirit stands aghast;
Ah, wilt thou fail with danger nigh?"

Thus the unnatural combat raged anew
Between the sobbing pipes and desert queen;

The passion of whose yearning lips had cost
Mighty kingdoms; whose voluptuous arms
Could bless a heart or curse a weary soul
To moan in anguish for the tender loss.
With delicate fragrance of dark, perfumed hair
Lain in sweet abandonment upon
His heaving breast, and with the rose-blown lips
Pressed hard to his in throbbing, seductive
eloquence,
She pleads gainst passion of the calling pipes.

"Jenghiz with his cursed clan
Fell upon our slumbering camp.
Jenghiz worked thy women harm
By the flaring desert lamp.
Jenghiz raided, Jenghiz fled
To his distant, desert home.
Ruined maidens breathe a plea
From the broken altar stone.
Vengeful mothers call to thee,
Calling calling fierce and free,
Calling, calling still to thee."

Madly he tears the clutching arms apart;
With eager hands then grasps the gleaming
blade;
While on his noble brow broods deep resolve;
With stately step he strides to reach the pipes.
Pauses, as through the hushed and perfumed air
There steals a piteous and a yearning cry.
Gazed again within the dimlit tent

Where, gleaming as a flame, she sobs anew.
Prone upon the floor in abject anguish—
With murmured cry he kneels beside her there.

. . . . . .

Forgotten now the throbbing pipes' appeal;
Forgotten now the glory of his race;
Forgotten all but her beside his breast.

. . . . . .

And wilder, fiercer pealed the calling pipes,
Further wailed the silver of their sound—
Wilder, fiercer; and then far and faint
The last weird note, as if in quivering pain,
Fades. The Khan, with dry and hollow sob,
Lies agonized within the covering tent,
As dawn with fingers delicate and fair
Pushed silently aside the robes of night.

SONNETS.

(A Series to____)

I.

Thou art the breeze and I the wind-racked tree,
And all my lyrical soul when thou art near
Gladly bursts forth into a melody
Of love; madly caroling crystally clear.
Thou art life's breath and I a silent lute,
Whose slumbering strings, when through the listening air
Thy clear voice rings, breaking the void mute,
Musically murmurs for thy beauty there.

Thy love is dearer than my dearest song,
A beacon light that fires a poet's dreams
Mid deserts of doubt and on life's highway long,
Calling me still to reach thy soul that gleams
Higher than Heaven. Thou art my life and I
Could sing no happy song lest thou wert nigh.

II.

I shall not sob nor wear the cynic's sneer,
Thou still art fair and heavenly to me.
I did not dream with paradise so near,
That in a moment on an ebon sea,
My soul would in a frenzied fever toss,
Not fully conscious of its crushing pain,
But dimly conscious of its tragic loss;
Without thy love to bring relief again.

Simple truth, so kind and sweetly told,
You love me not. Unswerving still will roll,
Through seething skies this weary, helpless ball;
And I shall smile and still play my false part,
Nor show to any soul the aching heart,
Nor whisper of the pain beneath it all.

III.

I have moaned in abject agony
Many a weary day and night in vain.
Dim slumbers haunted by fleeting dreams of thee
Have beat in rhythm on my throbbing brain.
Oft have I started up in crushing pain,
At some faint vision of thy haunting face;
To sink into a lethargic gloom again,
Or mope in moody madness through the place.

I must mix and feel the mortal touch,
The sweet forgetfulness of daily need.
If with my morbid self I dwell too much
What then the end? I must more in the sun;
Mingle with mortals or as blighted seed,
Court that cowardly end I fain would shun.

IV.

I have often wished thou wert unkind,
For this, perchance, had brought sweet ease to
me.
To the sore tortured and the lonely mind
Some strong rebuke a strange relief might be;
An anodyne to ease the aching pain,
Then I might curse against a cruel heart,
Or seek sweet surcease in a cynic's strain,
Had thou less kindly, softly played thy part.

Yes thou shouldst be less deadly kind to me;
Less eager to display thy many charms.
For who may glimpse thy soul and still the pain;
Cease worship at thy virgin shrine again;
Nor toss in woe upon life's troubled sea,—
In utter agony of empty arms?

V.

Then thou shalt leave to cross the distant sea,
A sojourner to hazy foreign lands?
Will like a slave my spirit follow thee,
With aching heart, unto those distant strands?
Ah go; I welcome thus the chance to see,
If time will then erase thee from my heart;
If power of the love I bear for thee
Will brave the gulf when we are far apart.

Thy face, with all its god-like misty charm,
May, as some unseen, slumbering vitriol
A spark to work my resolution harm.
Thus far and faint across the misty sea,
Thy pulsing soul may call less clear to me,
And prove my love is only memory.

VI.

I had half forgotten, and buried thee
Deep in distant airs of yesterday;
With half dead dreams and all the reckless, gay
Life from which my tired soul at last was free.
In hazy mists that bound the calling sea,
Forbidden were my half formed dreams to stray.
I had forgotten thee, and day by day
No vision of thy beauty came to me.

Last night some stranger spoke thy holy name!
As one who wanders in perplexity,
Uncharted on a nameless, unknown sea,
Beholds his homeland gleaming as a flame,
And gives it welcome with a piteous cry,
My soul returned to bondage with a sigh.

VII.

A fool once muttered confidentially
Of his old love, like mine, a broken thing.
And in his philosophic secrecy
Directed my gaze to a golden wedding ring;
Speaking the while in his inane, doltish way
" 'Tis better to have loved and lost.." imbued
With all the essence of this platitude,
Hearing no more I swiftly stole away.

Deluded fool, with all thy barren lies,
Thou has not cared. For with our first love dies
A tender thing; leaving the reft heart bare,
Whose echo is often heard in hopeless cries
Of mateless brute; or seen in weary eyes
Of lonely souls with life no longer there.

VIII.

Again I think thou art forgotten Gene,
For with my man-made fabric I have tried
To weave by day and night a covering sheen,
Beneath whose sweet nepenthe I may hide
The memory of thy beauty and thy soul.
Forced to forget my weaving will has been
A robe to wrap thee in its sheathing fold,
Till now thy form is no more clearly seen.

A whisper steals from o'er the distant sea
Thou wilt come unto thy native land.
And will my inmost soul in mute fear be,
And at thy presence gulf the petty strand
Of separation; and return to thee,
Or laugh at love I lavished once so free?

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